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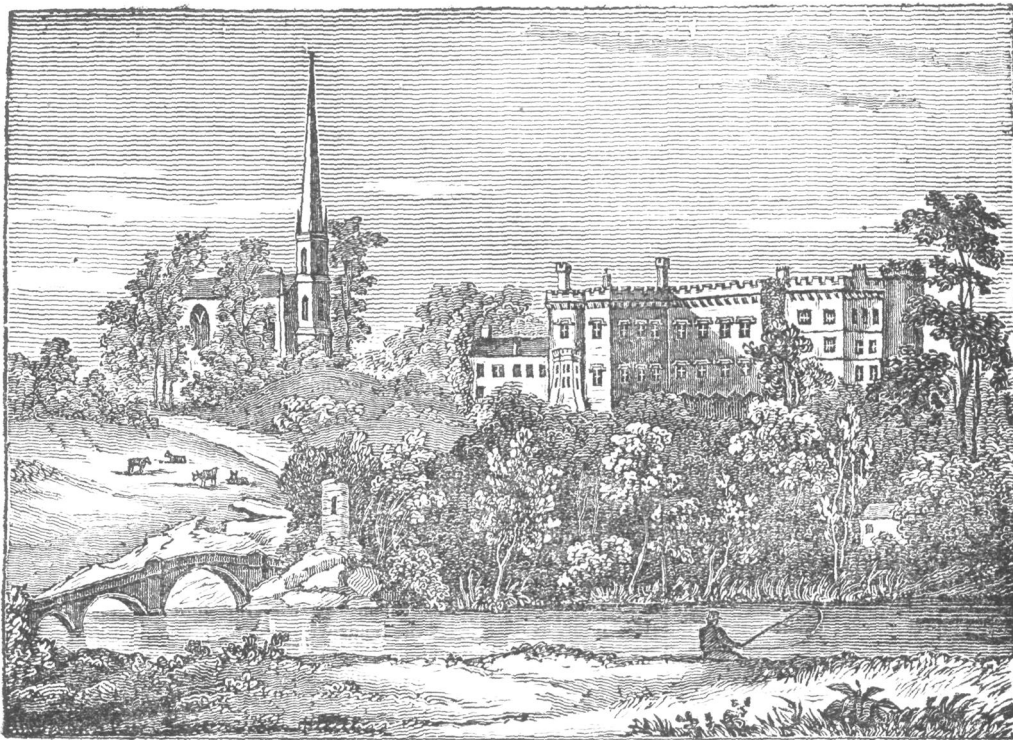
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NEW WAY TO MAKE POETRY.

Take Milton's *Paradise Lost*, a couple of volumes of Shakespeare, and Lord Byron's *Childe Harold*, and pick carefully a few dozen of the best metaphors out of each—let them be bold and daring, and applicable to general subjects. Then add a few polysyllables, carefully selected from Johnson's Dictionary; be guided in the choice of the words by the nature of the intended poem—if epic, let them be full and sonorous—if elegiac or pastoral, delicate and touching. Mix them together, shaking them well, so as to make the words and the metaphors commingle; then add the names of one or two of the muses, and throw in Castalia and Helicon, or Parnassus, with its two tops. If the poem be an amatory one, add Cupid and a bow and arrow, and a bleeding heart or two; if not, shake over all a little thunder and lightning, rolling

clouds and heaving billows. Allow it then to remain a while, in order to settle. Throw in then the moon, a twinkling star or two, and sprinkle it over with two or three gushes of a cataract, that will give it an air of the sublime. This done, let it remain quiet till the process of fermentation commences. Put it then in the cauldron of your mind, and place it over the gentle fire of fancy, stirring it lightly with the finger of imagination, till it begins to simmer—do not let it boil, for boiling will destroy all the metaphors, and the cataract will go off in steam. When it has now come to a sort of reasonable consistency, you may throw it into the cooling pan of judgment; where, when it has remained for a while, your work is done, and you may fearlessly send it forth, fit for the intellectual appetite of the greatest literary epicure in the world.



LISTMORE CASTLE.

Listmore Castle, situated in the town of the same name in the county of Waterford, was at one period a place of considerable importance. It is boldly seated on the verge of a rocky hill, rising almost perpendicularly to a considerable height over the river Blackwater. The entrance is by an ancient and venerable avenue of trees; over the gate are to be seen the arms of the first Earl of Cork. Opposite the entrance is a portico of Bath stone, of the Doric order. Most of the buildings are in ruins; but the several offices, which make up two sides of the square, are kept in repair. At each angle is a tower, the chief remains of its magnificence. The rock, on which the castle is seated, rises in perpendicular shelves from the river to a tremendous height. The rude rocks are richly crowned with trees, to shelter the ruined towers, and shade the antique windows of the fort. This venerable and extensive castle, the property of the Duke of Devonshire, was built by King John in 1185, on the ruins of Carthagh's abbey. In 1189 it was demolished by the Irish, but soon after rebuilt, when it became the episcopal residence, till its conveyance by Myler Magrath, bishop of this see, to Sir Walter Raleigh. This manor was purchased by Sir Richard Boyle, the ancestor to the celebrated philosopher Robert Boyle, who was born in the castle.

Until the foregoing sketch had been returned by the engraver, we were not aware that a drawing of the same castle had been given in our first volume; to the 43d

number of which we refer our readers for a regular description of the building. Although views of the same edifice, the sketches are from different points; and the present will be found much superior to the former.

THE SHERIFF'S SALE.

"Percy," exclaimed Mrs. Ellison to her husband, who was dozing near the fire—"Percy, as I live, here comes old Neville. Look, is not that he?"

Mr. Ellison, who was just in that state when the senses are yet so much awake as to enable us to *feel* the soft pleasures of sleep, took the square of Indian silk from his eyes, and rubbing them, went to the window.

"Neville, sure enough, Emily—coming, no doubt, to bore me for money, after having tired every body else."

"Having indulged you so long, I hope he will now receive indulgence from you," observed his daughter Emily who sat at her work beside him.

"Nonsense, child," said her mother.

"Would that the lines of my favourite may not be applicable to him," said Emily:

"Deserted in his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed."

"You are very intermeddling, Emily," observed Mrs. Ellison. "How will you act, Percy?"

"Gratefully and honourably, I trust," replied Emily.